

Family Reading.

A LIFE THAT TOLD.

Thirty years ago the region about the London Docks contained as large a heathen population as any triet in Africa. Back of the huge warehouses were "innumerable courts and alleys filled with fog and dirt, and every horror of sight, sound and smell. It was a rendezvous for the lowest types of humanity."

The wealthy and influential class in this settlement were the rum-sellers and keepers of gambling hells. Children were born and grew to middle age in these precincts who never had heard the name of Christ, except in an oath. Thirty thousand souls were included in one parish here, but the clergymen never ventured out of the church to teach.

A young man named Charles Lowder, belonging to an English family, happened to pass through this district just after leaving Oxford. His classmates were going into politics, or the army, or to the bar, full of ambition and hope to make a name in the world; but Lowder heard, as he said, "a cry coming from these depths that rang in his ears, go where he would."

He resolved to give up all other work in the world to help these people.

He took a house in one of the lowest slums, and lived in it. "It is only one of themselves that they will hear; not patronizing visitors."

He preached every day in the streets, and for months was pelted with brick-bats, shot at, and driven back with curses. He had unfortunately no eloquence with which to reach them; he was a slow, stammering speaker, but he was bold, patient and earnest. Year after year he lived among them. Even the worst ruffian learned to respect the tall thin curate, whom he saw stopping the worst street fights, facing mobs, or nursing the victims of Asiatic cholera.

Mr. Lowder lived in London Docks for twenty-three years. Night schools were opened, industrial schools, and refuges for drunkards, discharged prisoners and fallen women. A large church was built and several mission chapels. His chief assistants in this work were the men and women whom he had rescued "from the paths that abut on hell." A visitor to the church said, "The congregation differs from others in that they are all in such deadly earnest."

Mr. Lowder broke down under his work, and rapidly grew into an old care-worn man. He died in a village in the Tyrol, whither he had gone for a month's rest. He was brought back to the Docks where he had worked so long.

Across the bridge where he had once been chased by a furious mob, bent on his murder, his body was reverently carried, while the police were obliged to keep back the crowds of sobbing people who pressed forward to catch the last glimpse of "Father Lowder," as they called him.

"No such funeral," says a London paper, "has ever been seen in England." The whole population of East London turned out, stopping work for that day. The special trains run to Chiselmhurst were filled, and thousands followed on foot—miserable men and women whom he had lifted up from barbarism to life and hope."

There are many careers open to young men on entering the world, but there are none nobler or that lead more directly to heaven than that of this modern crusader.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

HUCKLEBURY ROLY-POLY.—Four cups flour, two cups milk, two tablespoonfuls mixed lard and butter, one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonful cream tartar, saltspoonful salt, four cups huckleberries. Sift the salt and cream tartar with the flour, rub in the shortening and wet with the milk. Roll out into a sheet longer than broad and quarter of an inch thick. Spread thickly with the fruit, sweetening it well with white sugar. Roll up the dough with the berries inside, as you would a sheet of paper, pinching the ends together that the juice may not run out. Baste it up in a pudding cloth

that has been wrung out in hot water and well floured. Bake an hour and a half. Eat with hard sauce.

PEACH DUMPLING.—Two cups flour, one tablespoonful lard, one tablespoonful butter, two teaspoonful baking powder, one and a half cups sweet milk, pinch of salt. Cut the lard and butter into the flour, dissolve the salt in the milk and make a soft dough, just stiff enough to be handled. Roll into a thin sheet and cut into neat squares. In the centre of each place a canned peach, quartered. Sprinkle generously with sugar, pinch the sides of the dumpling together, and bake with the joined edges underneath. Eat with hard sauce.

LEMONADE.—Peel the lemons so thinly that the peel looks yellow on both sides. This is the secret; the least bit of white spoils it, as that is the better part. The peel of one lemon, and the strained juice of two, should be put into a jug with a pint of boiling water, covered with a cloth—stuffed into the neck—and left some time, when it should be sweetened and strained off for use. This is an exceedingly wholesome drink.

TO BOIL POTATOES.—Take those of about one size, be very careful to wash well, otherwise they will have an unpleasant flavor. Put them into cold water enough to cover all, add half a handful of salt, and boil slowly until done, which will be from thirty to sixty minutes, according to size. When a fork goes easily to the heart they are done. Take up carefully with a perforated ladle, and serve while hot.

A Layman in remitting subscription, writes:—I take the opportunity of expressing my best wishes for the success of your paper for another year, in its defence of Church liberties and privileges, and pray that the Holy Spirit may direct and bless your efforts to the good of His Holy Church.

A FINE OLD PARSON.

I should like to tell the story of an exemplary clergyman who was rector of one parish for sixty-seven years, whose living was under the value of £20, who educated and placed in the world eight children, and left behind him, not only a memory honored through all the country side, but £2,000 in hard cash. Under an old yew-tree in a corner of the quiet little graveyard "Wonderful Walker" sleeps his long sleep; the plain blue slab rests on two crumbling brick supports. It is simply inscribed to the memory of the Rev. Robert Walker, aged ninety-three; his wife, also aged ninety-three; and their eldest daughter Elizabeth, aged eighty-one.

And now to tell you something of the man that lies beneath that stone. He was born within half a mile from his last home, in a humble little cottage in Seathwaite; he ministered in this valley for sixty-seven years and here he died; he was born in 1709 and died in 1802. During all those years he governed his parish with an entirely healthy and absolutely autocratic rule. "The Wonderful" was a well-read theologian and an exceedingly exact and loyal Churchman; above all things he had the gift and wisdom to bring religion into touch with conduct, and to enforce in the field what he preached in the pulpit. He was an ideal bishop or overseer of his flock, not only instructing his people in spiritual matters, but directing their material lives and exercising a noble masterhood over both souls and bodies. In a valley where every man, woman, and child had to work hard for a living, he led the way in all manual labor. Rising every morning between three and four o'clock, he ploughed and planted, he tended his own flock, spun his own flax and wool and made his own shoes. In his person he combined law, physic, and divinity, with admirable magisterial function added; he prepared all his people's wills and bonds, and when they were ill he physicked them, and that with good effect, if one may judge by the average length of Seathwaite lives. He educated all his own children and started them in the world, sending one of the boys to college—educating them, in so solid and admir-

ably tenacious a way that all lived honorable lives, handing down the Walker traditions almost to the present day. So excellent was the discipline of the parish that in all the length and breadth of it there was not a single dissenter, and no tithe war ever ruffled the peace of the valley. The matter of tithes, by the way, was adjusted in a very simple and picturesque manner. When the villagers were getting in their hay or corn, "The Wonderful" took a sheet into the field, and filling it with as much of the crop as it would carry, he would place it on his back and contentedly walk home. As regard clothes, he was certainly a law unto himself; when at home he wore a coarse blue frock and checked shirt, a leather strap for a stock, and coarse apron and wooden clogs, but for all this no bishop in full vestments ever seems to have inspired more absolute reverence and awe.

In two ways "The Wonderful" anticipated certain recent reforms. For about eight hours every day, except Saturday, he was occupied in teaching the children of his parish, giving them sound education free of charge. I think it is Mr. Ruskin who has desired that every village should have a holy church at one end, and a holy tavern at the other, with a holy tapster, if it may be, dispensing honest beer. Here, again, "The Wonderful" was just one hundred years in advance of his time. He kept the village inn, selling an excellent home-brewed ale that was meat and drink to his people; not only did he preach temperance and sobriety in the pulpit, but he enforced it in the village beer-shop. To this day they tell a story of a thirsty wayfarer ordering a pint of ale on a hot day, and finding it so excellent he called for a second, whereupon Mrs. Walker made answer, "My friend, go thy way; I know, if thou dost not, when thou hast had enough." He exercised a generous hospitality, literally feeding his flock, the long homely table being spread every Sunday with simple fare for the refreshment of parishioners who came from a long distance. His wife was worthy of her husband, seconding all his efforts, and sweetening and softening his rough life with unflinching love and tenderness. The records of her death and funeral are full of a lovely pathos. She was borne to her grave by three of her daughters and one grand-daughter. "The Wonderful" was then more than ninety years old, and well-nigh blind, but he insisted on lending his aid, and feeling about, took hold of a napkin tied to the coffin, and so, as far as might be, helping to bear the body, he entered the church.

I have not space to tell of his wide practical knowledge of plants, stones, and fossils, and of his exact observation of stars, winds, and clouds; his clear healthy soul seems always to have been in touch with nature. Preferment was offered to him, for his bishop knew the value of the man, but he put it on one side lest he should "be suspected of cupidity." He loved his own valley too well to leave it, and there he remained till the end came very peacefully in 1802. Every night before he went to bed he examined the heavens, and meditated for a little space in the open air; the very night he died he did so, and spoke of the exceeding brightness of the moon; when they went to him next morning he had journeyed to that city
Needeth no sun nor moon to lighten it,
Nor any stars.

WHAT A CENT GROWS TO.

A cent seems of little value, but if it is only doubled a few times, it grows to a marvellous sum. A young lady in Portland caught her father in a very rash promise, by a knowledge of this fact on her part.

She modestly proposed that if her father would give her only one cent on one day, and double the amount on each successive day for just one month, she would pledge herself never to ask of him another cent of money as long as she lived. Her father, not stopping to run over the figures in his head, and not supposing it would amount to a large sum, was glad to accept the offer at once.

But on the thirtieth day the young girl demanded only the pretty little sum of \$5,369,709.12.

Let some of our young readers who have a taste for mathematics just figure up, and see whether this sum is correct.